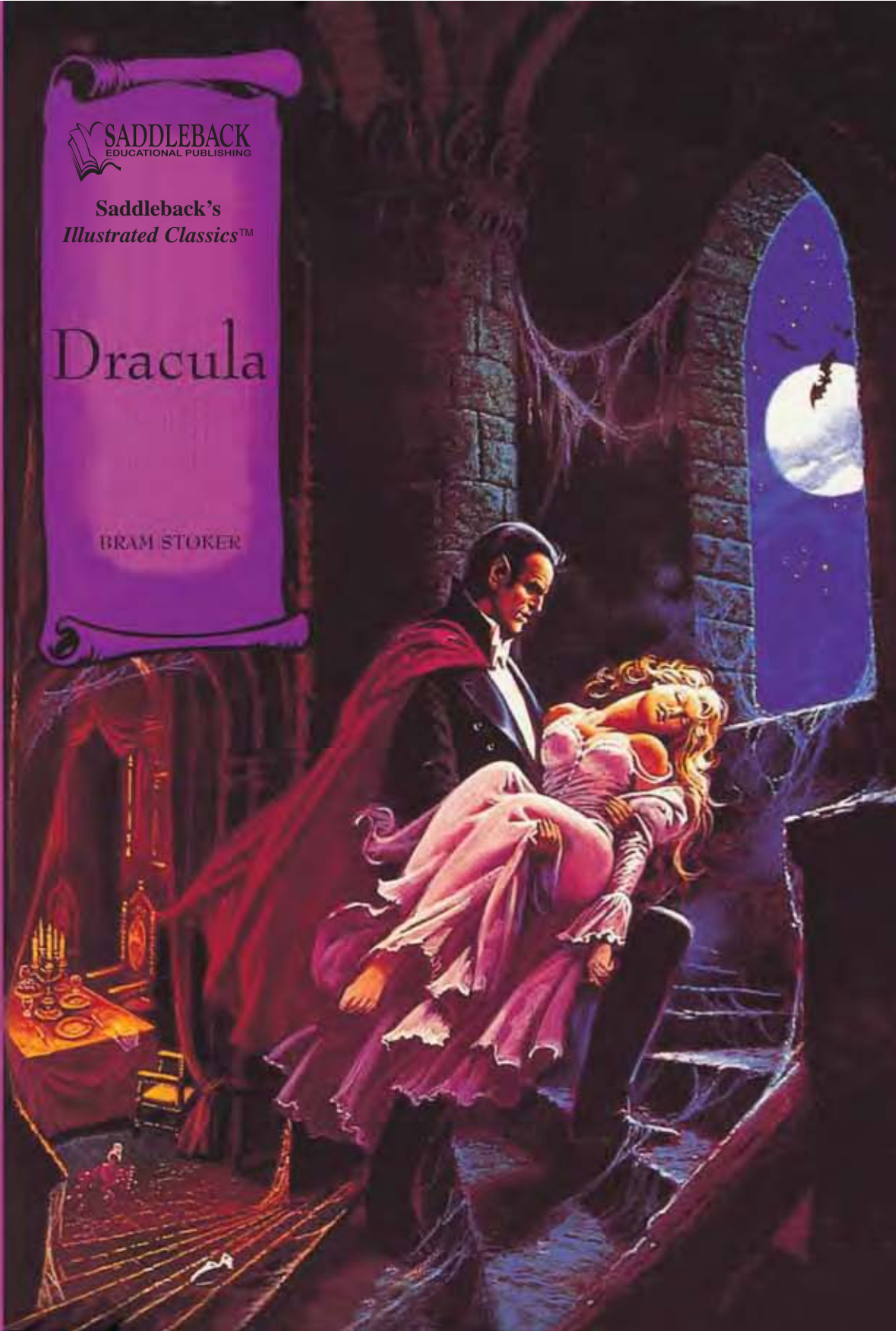




Saddleback's
Illustrated Classics™

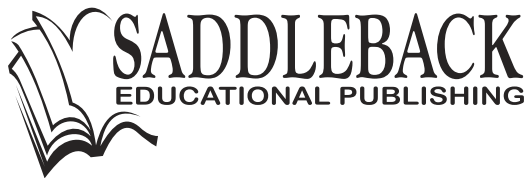
Dracula

BRAM STOKER



Dracula

BRAM STOKER



Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM



Three Watson

Irvine, CA 92618-2767

Website: www.sdlback.com

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Overview

Everyone deserves to read the best literature our language has to offer. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] was designed to acquaint readers with the most famous stories from the world's greatest authors, while teaching essential skills. You will learn how to:

- Establish a purpose for reading
- Use prior knowledge
- Evaluate your reading
- Listen to the language as it is written
- Extend literary and language appreciation through discussion and writing activities

Reading is one of the most important skills you will ever learn. It provides the key to all kinds of information. By reading the *Illustrated Classics*[™], you will develop confidence and the self-satisfaction that comes from accomplishment—a solid foundation for any reader.

Step-By-Step

The following is a simple guide to using and enjoying each of your *Illustrated Classics*[™]. To maximize your use of the learning activities provided, we suggest that you follow these steps:

1. ***Listen!*** We suggest that you listen to the read-along. (At this time, please ignore the beeps.) You will enjoy this wonderfully dramatized presentation.
2. ***Pre-reading Activities.*** After listening to the audio presentation, the pre-reading activities in the Activity Book prepare you for reading the story by setting the scene, introducing more difficult vocabulary words, and providing some short exercises.
3. ***Reading Activities.*** Now turn to the “While you are reading” portion of the Activity Book, which directs you to make a list of story-related facts. Read-along while listening to the audio presentation. (This time pay attention to the beeps, as they indicate when each page should be turned.)
4. ***Post-reading Activities.*** You have successfully read the story and listened to the audio presentation. Now answer the multiple-choice questions and other activities in the Activity Book.

Welcome to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™]

We are proud to welcome you to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™]. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] was designed specifically for the classroom to introduce readers to many of the great classics in literature. Each text, written and adapted by teachers and researchers, has been edited using the Dale-Chall vocabulary system. In addition, much time and effort has been spent to ensure that these high-interest stories retain all of the excitement, intrigue, and adventure of the original books.

With these graphically *Illustrated Classics*[™], you learn what happens in the story in a number of different ways. One way is by reading the words a character says. Another way is by looking at the drawings of the character. The artist can tell you what kind of person a character is and what he or she is thinking or feeling.

This series will help you to develop confidence and a sense of accomplishment as you finish each novel. The stories in Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] are fun to read. And remember, fun motivates!

Remember,

“Today’s readers are tomorrow’s leaders.”

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

According to the Reverend Montague Summers (an authority on vampirism and author of *The Vampire: His Kith and Kin* and *The Vampire in Europe*), the vampire is “one who has led a life of more than ordinary immorality and unbridled wickedness; a man of foul, gross, and selfish passions, of evil ambitions, delighting in cruelty and blood.” Bram Stoker creates such a man in the character of Count Dracula.

Stoker was born in Dublin in 1847, at a time when reports of vampirism were rampant. He made the most of these in his tale of horror, *Dracula*. The story is enhanced by the superstitious nature of the people and the protective measures they take to escape vampires. Garlic and crucifixes become especially significant as they save the life of the intended victim more than once in the story.

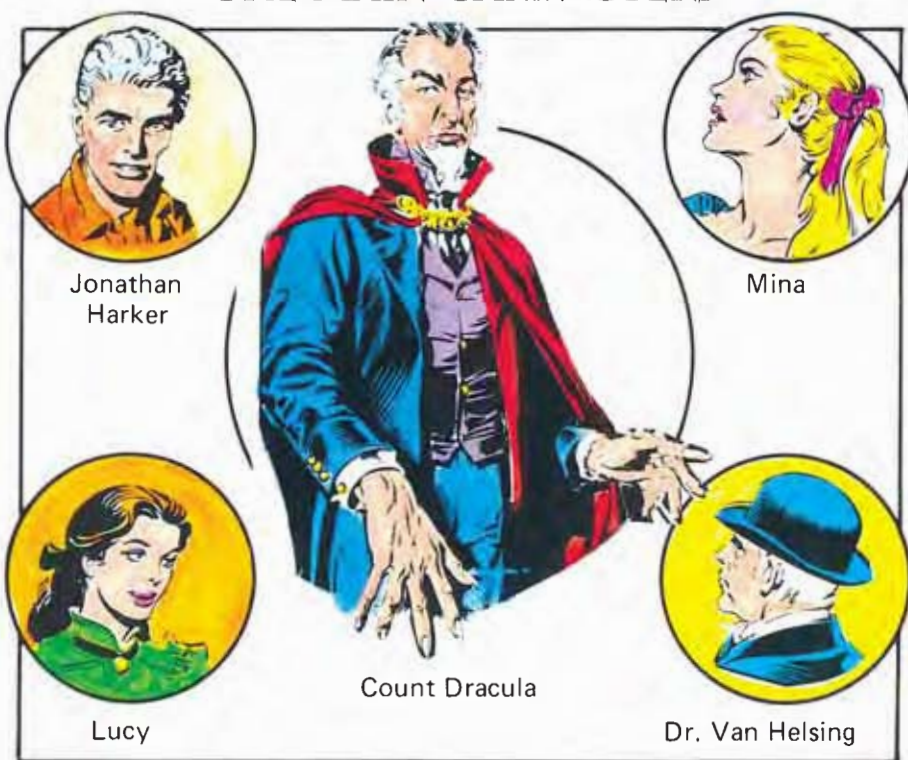
In addition to *Dracula*, certainly his most famous contribution, Stoker also wrote dramatic criticism and articles for the *Dublin Mail*. One story, *Dracula's Guest*, was to have been the opening chapter to *Dracula*, but the story survives well without it. He wrote one other novel, *The Lair of the White Worm*, but it is little known.

Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™

Dracula

BRAM STOKER

THE MAIN CHARACTERS

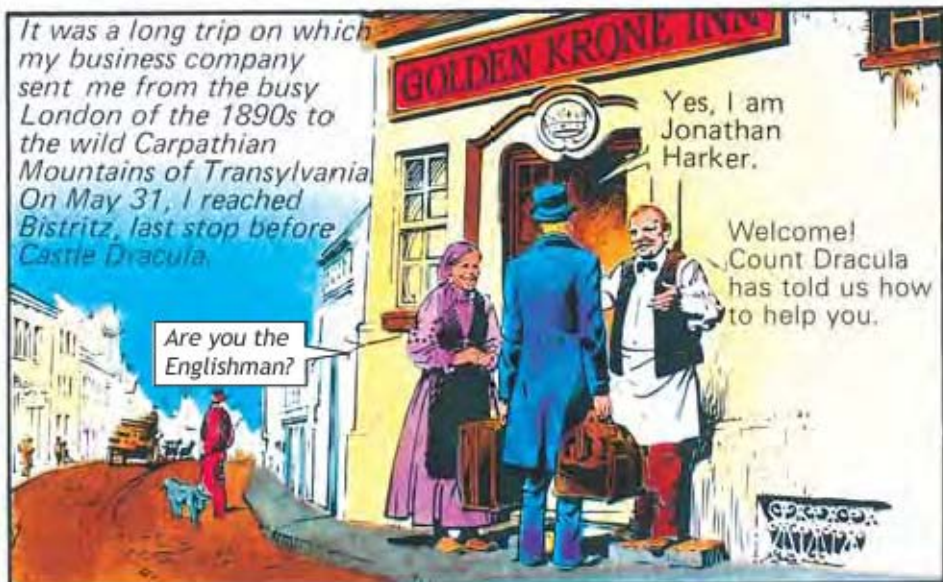




From Jonathan Harker's Diary. . .

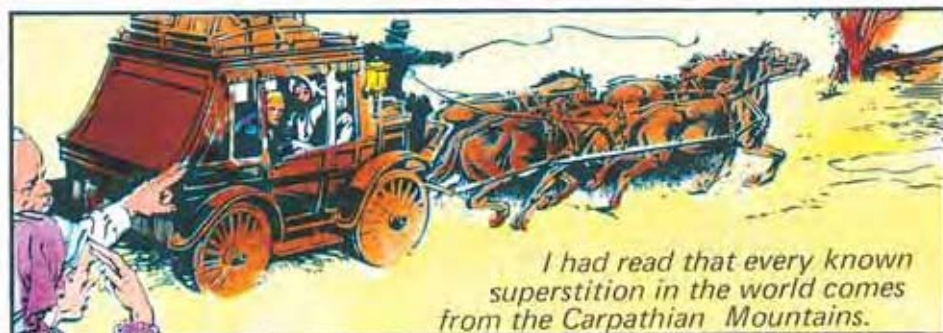
I had come here on business, but what I found has scared me beyond belief. I am locked in. The only way out is through the windows. These may be my last words. This castle is my prison but I must escape and warn the people of London about Count Dracula.

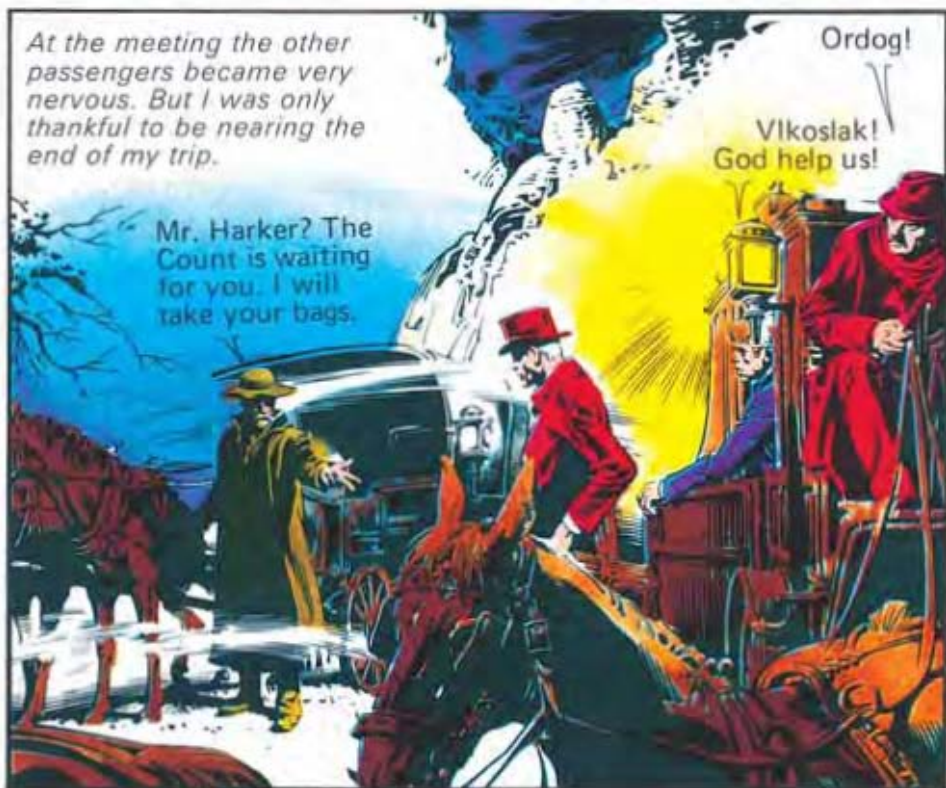
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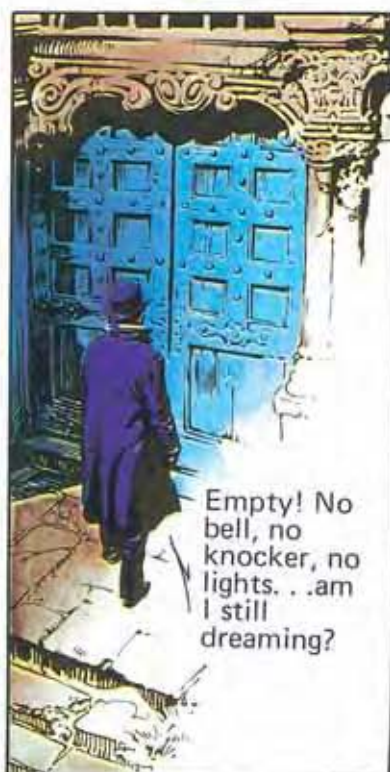
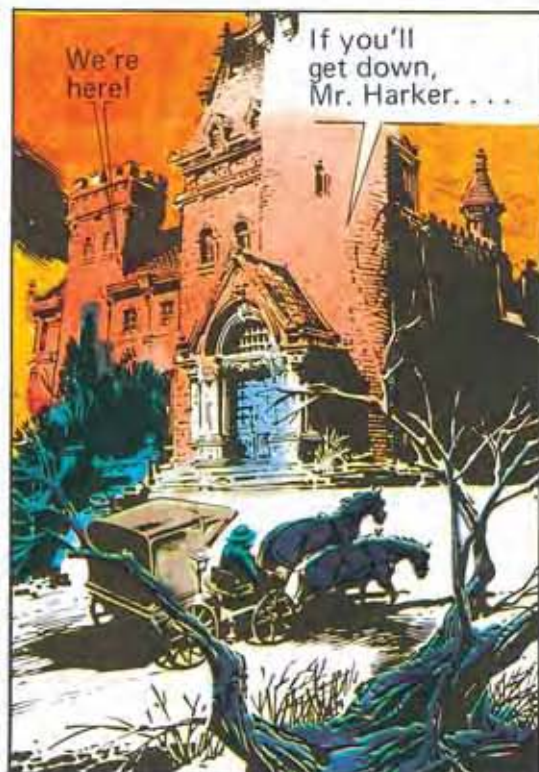
A seat had been saved for me on the Bukovina coach leaving the next morning, but at the last minute, the innkeepers tried to keep me from leaving.

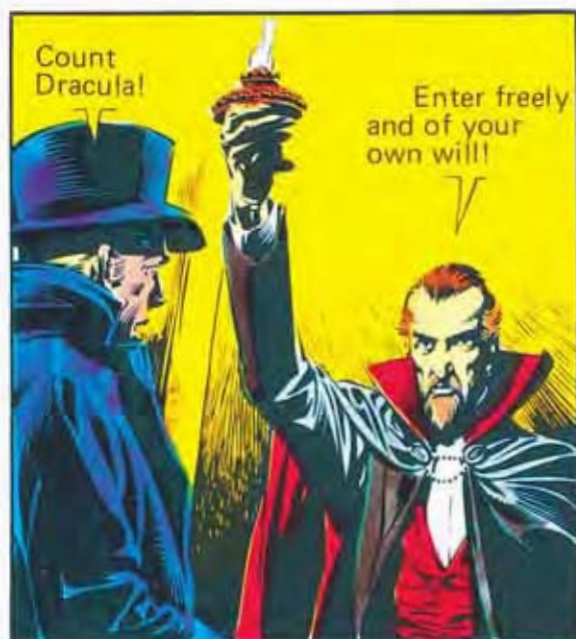
When I told them that my business could not be put off, the good woman made me wear her cross.





I must have fallen asleep and dreamed. . . for the trip was like a nightmare. The carriage seemed surrounded by howling wolves. . . the horses were scared. Then the driver got down, waved his arm, and the wolves turned around and ran. I must have dreamed! A man cannot control wolves.





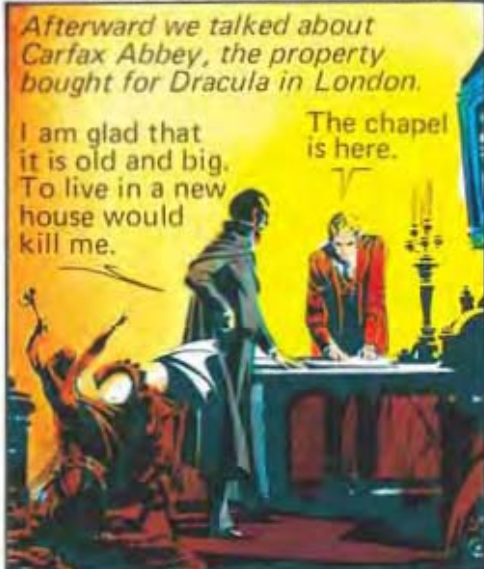




So began my stay at Castle Dracula. I thought strange things, but was too tired to know what was real and what I only dreamed.



The Count returned and again dinner was served. But still no servant, and Dracula did not eat anything.



What could I do but stay? I was there on business for Mr. Hawkins, not on my own.

The days passed. I looked through many rooms of the castle. . . .



But I saw no living person. . . .



. . . and always came to a locked door. There was no exit!



Another strange thing was that I could find no mirrors in the castle.



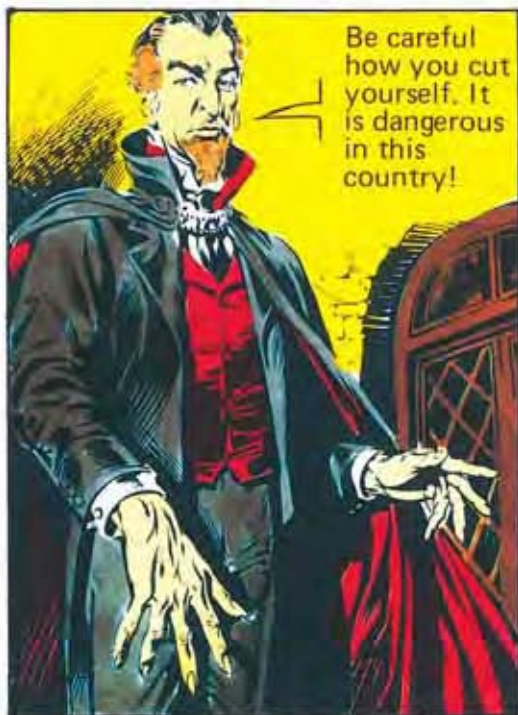
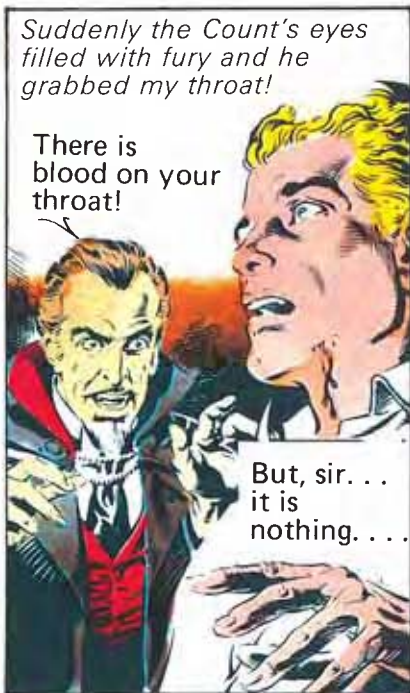
It's a good thing I brought my own shaving mirror.

One evening Dracula came up behind me without my hearing.

Good evening, friend Harker.

Count Dracula!





At sight of the landlady's gift, Dracula's strange fury passed.

It is this terrible thing that has caused the cut. Away with it!

Count Dracula. . .no!



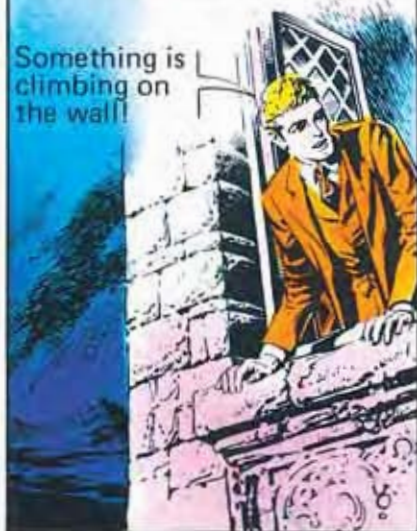
Time passed in this lonely nighttime way of living. Keeping my diary was one of the things I did.

Is the Count a madman or am I? Practically I am his prisoner, with no way out and no communication with the outside world. Perhaps, soon when a month is up, he will send me safely on my way...

And my mirror shattered into a thousand pieces on the rocks far below.

Often, I stood at the open window of my prison, breathing fresh air and looking over the countryside. Then one night, . . .

Something is climbing on the wall!



It is Dracula. . . climbing down the wall!



I went to bed with fear in my heart. What manner of man is this. . . or what manner of beast that looks like a man?

It will make me feel better to have the old lady's cross nearby.



I slept, then suddenly awoke. There was bright moonlight. . . and a feeling that I was not alone! I lay still unable to move.



Go on! You are first and I shall follow.

He is young and strong; there is blood enough for all.



As if under a magic spell I could not move. I watched these strange women come closer from under my eyelids.

My throat! If only I
could reach the
cross!



Suddenly, as if from
nowhere ...

How dare you touch
him when I had told
you not to! Back! This
man belongs to me!

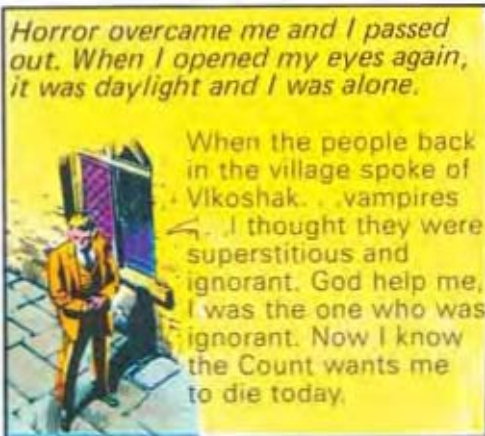
But are we to
have nothing?



Good he sleeps. I promise you
shall have him when I am done
with him tomorrow.



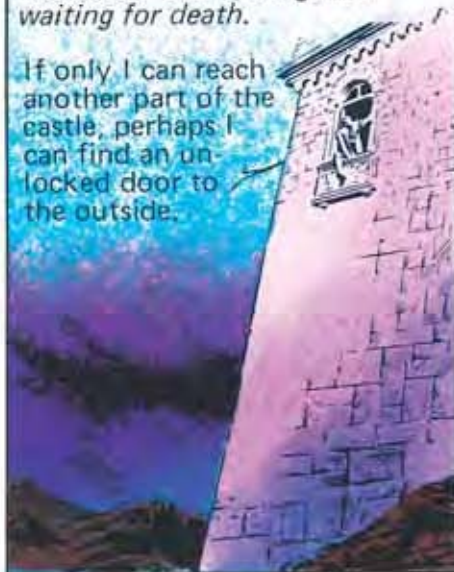
*Horror overcame me and I passed
out. When I opened my eyes again,
it was daylight and I was alone.*



When the people back
in the village spoke of
Vlkoshak... vampires
I thought they were
superstitious and
ignorant. God help me,
I was the one who was
ignorant. Now I know
the Count wants me
to die today.

I was without hope. Anything was better than sitting and waiting for death.

If only I can reach another part of the castle, perhaps I can find an unlocked door to the outside.



I remembered the sound of the mirror smashing on the rocks, and was careful not to look down!

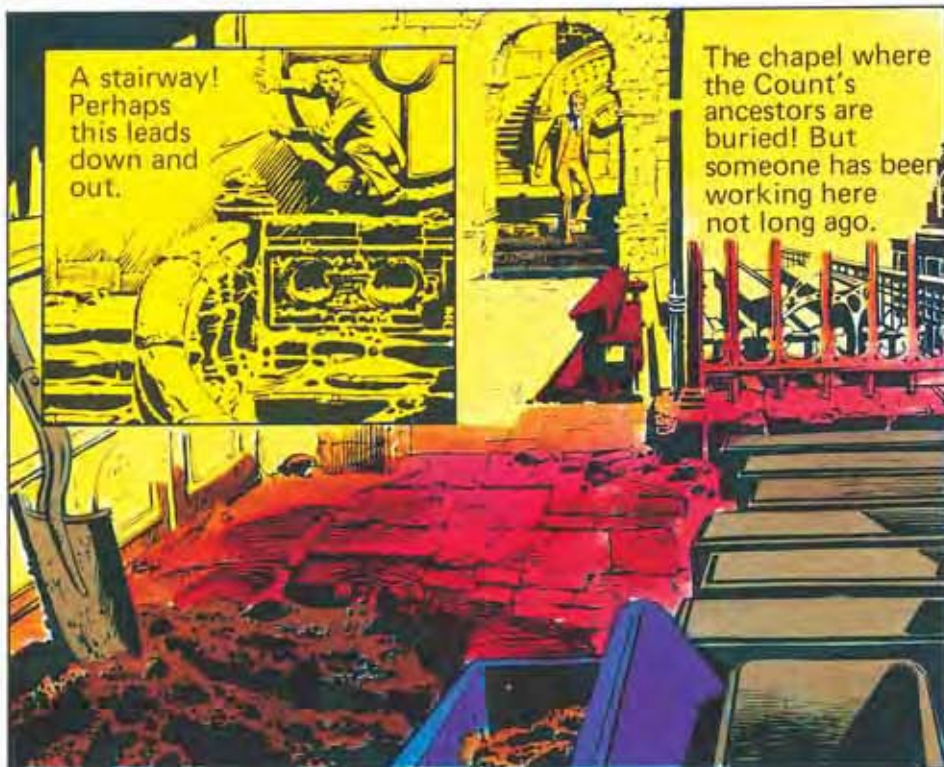
If I am careful... it goes... inch by inch!

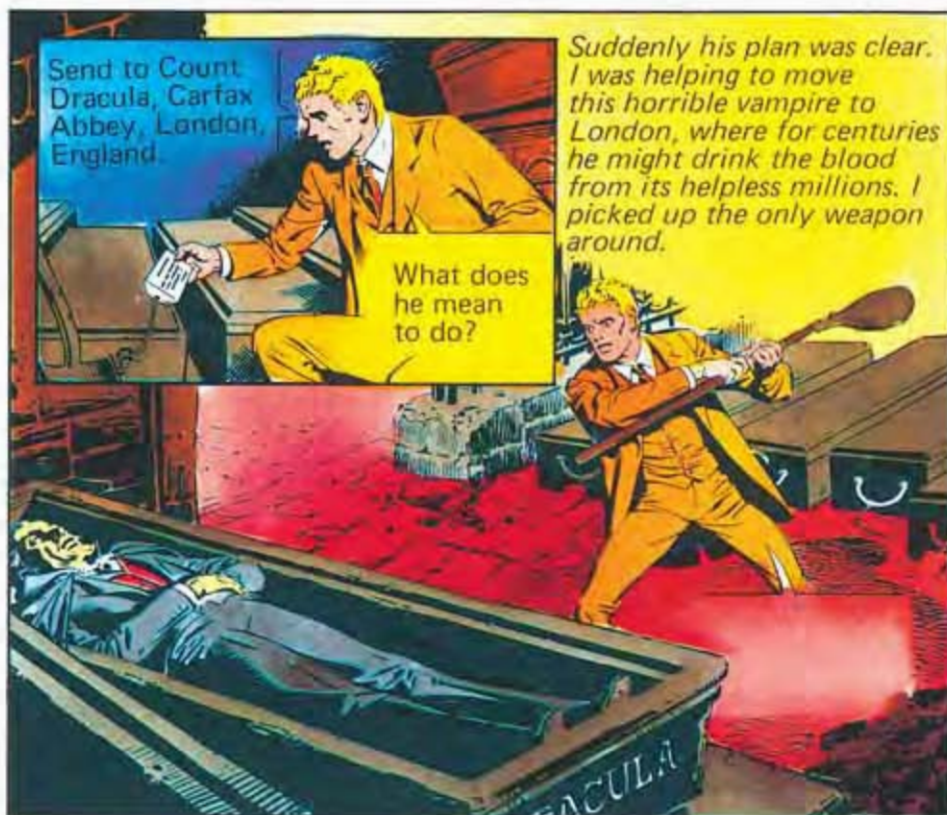


A stairway! Perhaps this leads down and out.



The chapel where the Count's ancestors are buried! But someone has been working here not long ago.





There was no way out of the chapel but the way I had come in. There was no escape down the wall, death was better than staying as Dracula's prisoner.



After climbing down the castle wall, there was a long period of time when nothing was clear. I must have wandered for a long time. There were times when I just passed out and remembered nothing. At other times I fought with all kinds of beasts. Wolves and giant bats and ghost women fought for my blood. At times, an angel of mercy seemed to drive the monsters away.



I felt very weak and mixed up.

Sir, what happened? How did I come here? I can't remember

You must not try to remember! You must relax and keep calm and grow strong again.



I was surprised to learn that I had been ill for nearly six weeks! I knew that my friends and Mr. Hawkins must be worried and the nurse wrote to them at once.

To Miss Mina Murray, and to Mr. Peter Hawkins.

We were worried that we did not know how to let your friends know sooner.



Mina came to me as quickly as boat and train could bring her, and it was a happy day when we were together again.



Years later Mina told me of the warning that the doctor gave her.

He has had a very bad shock which caused brain fever. Be careful that nothing else like this excites him for a long time to come. He will probably be weak for a long time.



This warning made her ready to agree to my wishes about my diary.

I don't know whether the things written here are real or the ideas of a madman. I can't remember them, I don't want to read them, but I have a feeling it should not be destroyed. Will you keep it?



We were married almost at once by the English minister. It was not the wedding we had planned but still a beautiful and happy event!



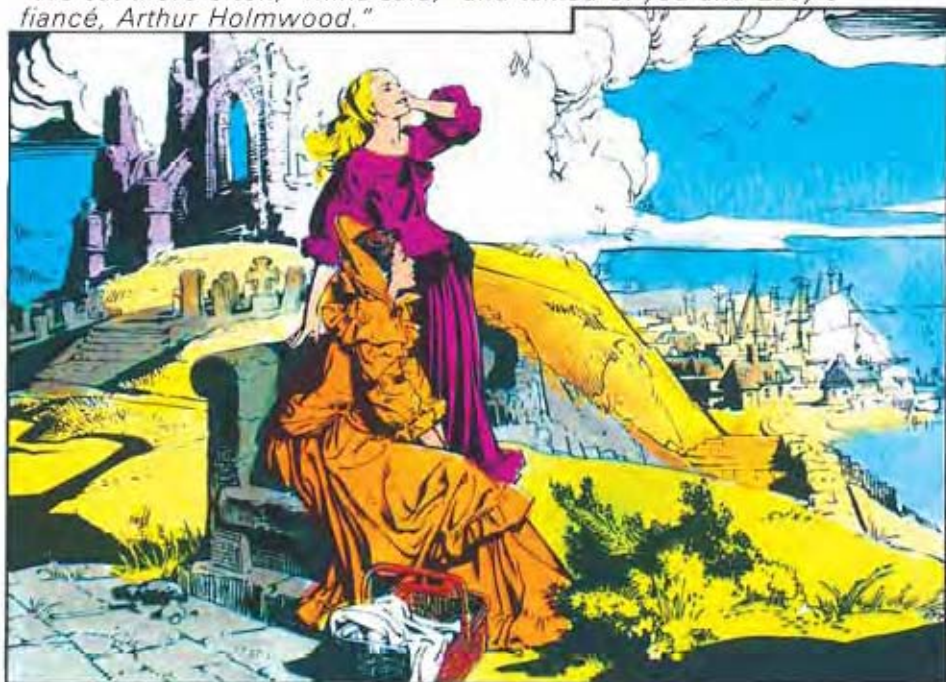
It was still a few weeks before I could leave the hospital and return to England. To fill my mind, Mina told me of what had happened to her while I was away.



I had visited the seaside town of Whitby myself, and I could picture the two girls there.



"We sat there often," Mina said, "and talked of you and Lucy's fiancé, Arthur Holmwood."



We had one problem. Lucy began to walk in her sleep. She hadn't done that since she was a child.

Lucy,
dear...



Lucy's mother asked me to lock our bedroom door at night and keep the key.

Her father did the same thing! I am so afraid she will have an accident, and hurt herself.

She's excited about her coming wedding, and she misses Arthur!



One night there was a terrible storm — nobody slept!

That ship!

It will crash on the rocks!



The Daily Graph
GREATEST AND MOST SUDDEN
STORM ON RECORD STRIKES
WHITBY HARBOR

**Miraculous
Escape of
Vessel**

But the ship did not land on the rocks. Instead it was found on the sandy beach. At the moment it hit. . .



The safe landing seemed even more strange when it was learned that it was steered by the hand of a dead man!

Dead! And for days, I'd say!

And not another person on board.



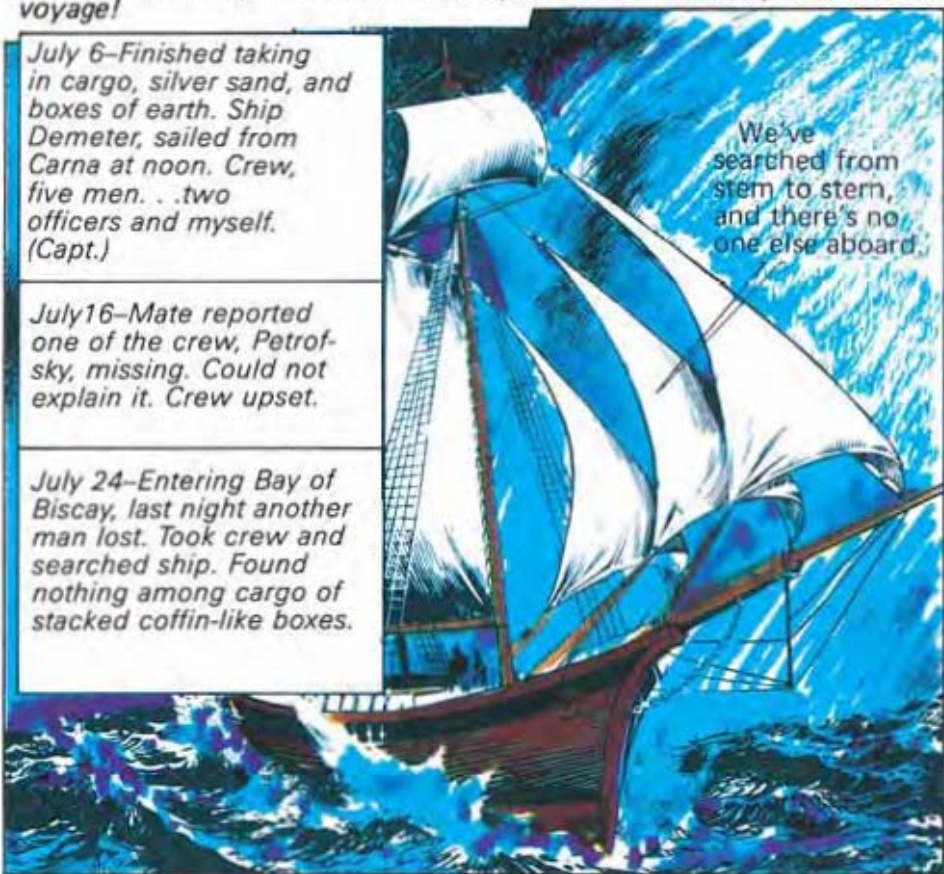
The Captain's log, read at the investigation, told the story of a terrible voyage!

July 6—Finished taking in cargo, silver sand, and boxes of earth. Ship Demeter, sailed from Carna at noon. Crew, five men. . .two officers and myself. (Capt.)

July 16—Mate reported one of the crew, Petrofsky, missing. Could not explain it. Crew upset.

July 24—Entering Bay of Biscay, last night another man lost. Took crew and searched ship. Found nothing among cargo of stacked coffin-like boxes.

We've searched from stem to stern, and there's no one else aboard.



July 29—Second mate is missing and crew is afraid. They believe there is an evil person aboard.

July 30—Last night we slept soundly. Awakened by mate telling me that both man of watch and steersman missing. Only self and mate are left!

It is here!
He is here!
Save me!
Save me!

August 1—Had hoped to land somewhere to port, but we are surrounded by a mysterious fog. Mate seems to be going mad.

August 3—Still fog. Running before wind as mate and I could not handle sails alone. At midnight mate ran to me on deck — a raging madman.

Before I could move to grab him, the mate threw himself into the sea.

I have seen him and the mate is right. But I am captain and must not leave my ship.

Stop, man!

The sea will save me from him. It is all that is left.

I am growing weak. I shall tie my hands to the wheel and hold this cross. He will not dare touch it!



Weeks had passed while Mina told me what had happened. At first she could visit me only a short time each day. But I got better quickly—soon I could walk to the balcony and sit in the sun.

The outcome of the investigation was an open one ... the mystery could not be solved. But to the Whitby folk, the poor Captain, who brought his ship and cargo safe to port, was a hero!

And the dog?



The dog disappeared into the darkness and was never seen again, ... though many people looked for it and wanted to help it.

Strange. . . .



But Mina, at that time, was having more important problems; my long absence was still a mystery, and Lucy was sleepwalking.

Lucy? She isn't here, and the door key is gone!

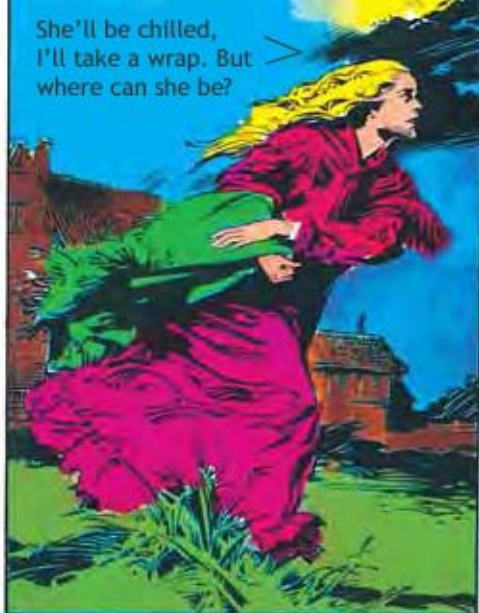


Her clothes are all here. She didn't dress. She can't have gone far!



Quietly I looked through the house but could not find her ... and the outside door was open! I threw on a robe and rushed out.

She'll be chilled, I'll take a wrap. But where can she be?



There was not a soul in sight. I ran along the walk but could see no sign of the white figure I looked for.

Could she possibly have gone to our favorite seat? I don't know where else to look!



Yes, she is there! And there is someone or something ... behind her!



I ran as hard as I could, and I called out.

Not a soul in sight. . . and Lucy is still asleep!



She was breathing in long, heavy breaths, and her throat seemed to hurt her.

Poor dear, she must be chilled.



I tied the blanket at her throat with a safety pin to leave my hand free, and gently awoke her and led her home.

Oh, Mina! Where am I? What did I do?

Sssh! We'll soon be home, dear.



The next morning when we awoke, Lucy seemed well, but I was worried when I saw two tiny red marks like pinpricks on her throat.

Oh, Lucy, your throat! How clumsy . . . I must have stuck you with the pin last night.

It's nothing at all. I can't even feel it!



We spent a happy day, though for me not quite perfect.

What wonderful weather!

In this air, I eat like a greedy person!

Bravo!
Encore!

If only Jonathan were here!

I thought Lucy would sleep soundly that night. Nevertheless I locked our door and tied the key to my wrist. Suddenly I awoke.

The window!
The window!

She is still sleeping.

A great bat!
But I have frightened it away.



The next morning, Lucy was pale and without energy. But a letter in the morning mail lifted her spirits.

It's from Arthur. He is coming here. He wants us to be married at once.

I am so happy for you, my dear!



But at that time I was even more interested in my own letters.

News from Jonathan at last! Oh! He has been ill. He is in Budapest. Mr. Hawkins will send me to him at once.



And so Mina's story of our being apart had a happy ending, with our marriage and my return to health, and we left the hospital and Budapest with thanks to the kind people there.

Good-bye, and all my thanks!

I hope I can care for him as well as you have done.

Good luck and all happiness.

God bless you both!



As the train neared London, I was happy to be there. I had been away a long time.

Almost home! Mr. Hawkins wrote that he would meet us with his carriage.

I am eager to hear about Lucy and her wedding plans.



After dinner, Mr. Hawkins had a surprise for us.



My dears, your health and success! I've known you both from childhood. Now I want you to make your home here with me. I am all alone, and in my will I have left you everything!

It was a happy evening. We could hardly offer our thanks. But perhaps, Mr. Hawkins had had a warning. For three nights later he died suddenly in his sleep! It was a shocking blow!

Let us pray for our dear departed friend.



To help us forget we walked home from the funeral. Suddenly on the crowded street.



My God! It is the man himself! Do you see?

No dear, I don't know him!

I felt ill. ...dizzy and shaken. I might have fallen if Mina had not helped me to a nearby bench.

I believe it is the Count, but he has grown young. My God, if this is true! If I only knew!

Oh, my dear, you are ill again! I'll call a cab and take you home.



They say troubles never come alone. When we reached home, we found a telegram for Mina.

No! It
can't be
true!

TELETYPE
 YOU WILL BE GRIEVED TO HE
 THAT MRS. WESTENRA DIED
 FIVE DAYS AGO AND THAT
 LUCY DIED THE DAY BEFORE
 YESTERDAY. BOTH TO BE
 BURIED TOMORROW.
 VAN HELSING

It was good that I had so much business to look after. There was no time to worry. Before leaving the next morning, I asked Mina to do something.

My dear, will you get out my diary and read it today?

Your diary, of that terrible time?

Yes, the time has come.
You must help me decide,
was I mad or sane?

Of course, if it's what you really wish.



These things seem connected. That fearful Count was coming to London and Jonathan was so sure he saw him yesterday!



If only there were someone we could ask for help! But who would believe that Jonathan was not mad?



At that very moment, an important letter arrived for Mina.



It's like an answer to a prayer! I'll ask him to come tonight. He is worried about what happened to Lucy, but still he might help us.



So when I returned home that evening, I found we had an important visitor.



And so we heard the sad, strange story of Lucy Westenra's sickness and death.



I agree there has been much blood lost, but she is not anemic. Yet there must be a cause! I must go back home and think!



For two days there were good reports from Dr. Seward to Amsterdam; then on the third day, a telegram arrived.

TERRIBLE CHANGE FOR THE
WORSE. COME AT ONCE.
SEWARD

When Van Helsing saw Lucy again, he was shocked at her unnatural paleness.

She will die in need of blood! There must be a blood transfusion at once.

I have sent for her fiancé.



As soon as Arthur Holmwood arrived. . . .



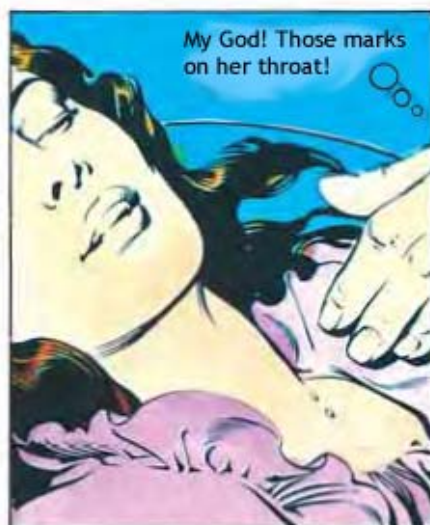
I would give the last drop of blood for her!

We don't need that much!

The transfusion was a success.



See, her color returns! I will fix her pillow.



After another blood transfusion Lucy got her strength back.



See what I brought for you, Miss Lucy, all the way from Holland!

Oh, flowers!



You are teasing me! These flowers are only garlic.

It is no joke! Garlic is a medicine which will be good for you.



How funny, like a magic spell to keep out evil spirits.

Exactly like that!



Do not take the flowers off your neck—and do not open the window tonight!

I promise. And thank you for all you've done!



During the night, Lucy was awakened by a loud howl from outside.

What is it?
I'm frightened!



I was uneasy about you, darling. Are you all right?

You'll catch cold, Mother. Lie down beside me.



Suddenly there was a crash and a thin gray head came through the glass.

A wolf!
Heaven help us!

It's all right, Mother, the garlic has stopped it!



My mother pulled at my flowers.



The maids will help me.





In the morning the doctors looked over the scene with sad white faces.

My God!
Both dead?

Miss Lucy is still alive. Quick... another blood transfusion!



Shall I send for her fiancé?

Yes, quickly. She will come to soon, but I fear death is near.



Lucy awoke and told us of the awful night. Then she slept, and Arthur Holmwood arrived.

We will call you when she awakens, I promise.



Suddenly there was a strange change in Lucy's face.



But her teeth are sharper... her eyes look wild! And the throat marks have gone!



Holmwood came in, and Lucy called to him in a new, exciting voice.

Arthur, my love, kiss me!

Lucy, darling!



Van Helsing grabbed Holmwood and pulled him away; Lucy's arms fell and eyes closed.

Do not go near her for the safety of your soul and hers.



As Lucy died, the terrible look left her face.
Her face once more showed its own pure beauty.

It is
the end.

Not so.
It is
only the
beginning!



What do
you mean?

We must save Miss
Lucy from the
life of the walking
Dead! You and I,
Seward, must perform
an autopsy.



We must remove
the head and the
heart from the
body.

No! Never! I
won't have her
cut apart!

Good God,
man! We loved
her! Don't you
understand?

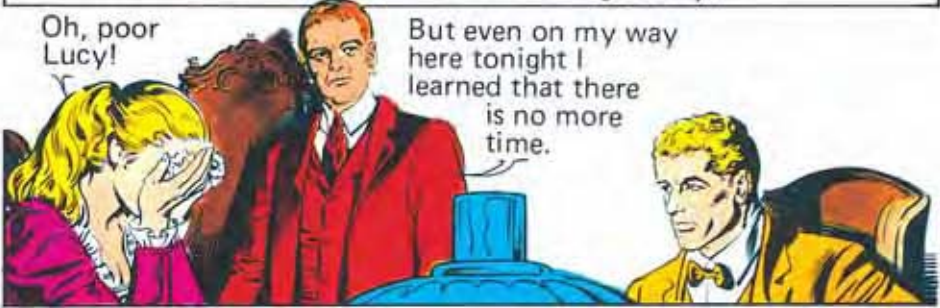
I understand.
You do not.
But I hope
there is still
time to change
your minds.



Mina and I were upset by Dr. Van Helsing's story.

Oh, poor Lucy!

But even on my way here tonight I learned that there is no more time.



Did you see the story of the small children who were missing from their homes overnight?

The ones who said they were tempted by a "Bloofer Lady"? Yes...

But they were not hurt.



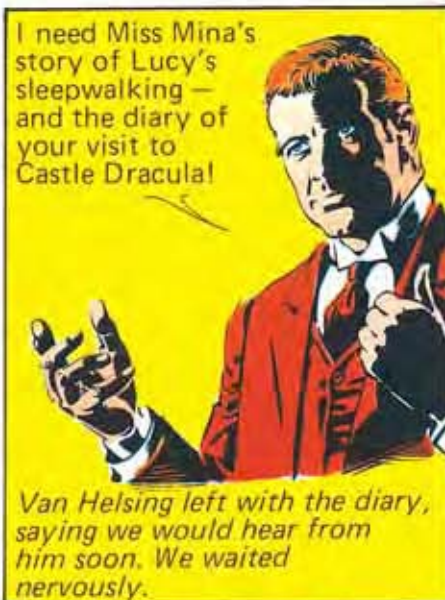
Each child who spoke of a "Bloofer Lady" had two tiny throat wounds—just over the jugular vein!



Throat wounds — like Lucy's.

At Castle Dracula, it was always the throat those monsters went after.





When we reached Dr. Seward's house that night, I made a surprising discovery.

Carfax Abbey ... the place I bought for Dracula ... it is next to Seward's.

Quick, we must tell Van Helsing!



But Van Helsing, Seward, and Holmwood had left to carry out an important mission.

While we waited, Van Helsing was leading the other men to a surprising place.

Dr. Seward asks that you make yourselves at home.



A graveyard! For God's sake, where are you taking us? Trust me! I must prove to you that things you don't believe are true!



The tomb where Lucy is buried!

Yes. Arthur will you open it with your key?

No! I forbid it! This is not holy. . . .





Van Helsing led the others outside to a hidden spot near the tomb. A bell struck midnight. Far away, a dog howled.



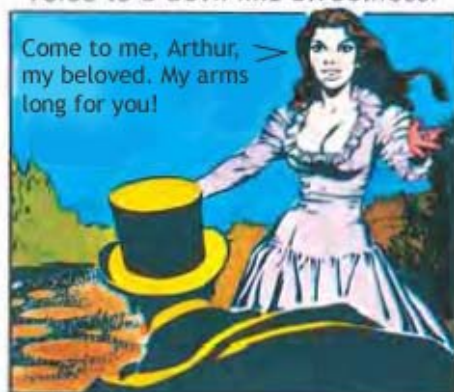
Like a vampire, the undead Lucy fed upon the child.



At the sound Lucy pulled back like a cat, with an angry growl.



When she saw Arthur, Lucy's anger changed to a smile, her voice to a devil-like sweetness.



Arthur, as if under a magic spell, moved toward Lucy.





Her role as a vampire has just begun! These children whose blood she sucks are not yet bad, but if she continues, they will lose more blood and die.



They will then come under her power and become as she is. They attack others in a circle of evil which grows larger! But if she were to become a true dead...



Yes, what then?

The children will get better. And the soul of this poor lady will be freed to take its place with the other angels!



She must be freed, Professor! But how?



A stick must be driven through her heart. Her head must be cut from her body and her mouth stuffed with wolfsbane. I have brought the things we will need.



I will do it!
It shall be my hand that sets her free!

Take the stick in your left hand, place the point over the heart and strike! Do not stop until it is done.



The thing in the coffin twisted and turned, and a terrible scream came from the bloody lips as Arthur Holmwood drove the stick that would free her deep into her heart.



Then the tearful task was over. The hammer fell from Holmwood's hand and he fell back.



Brave man!
You will be
thankful later.

Look! Now she is God's true innocent dead.

Bless you, dear Lucy. May you rest in peace forever.

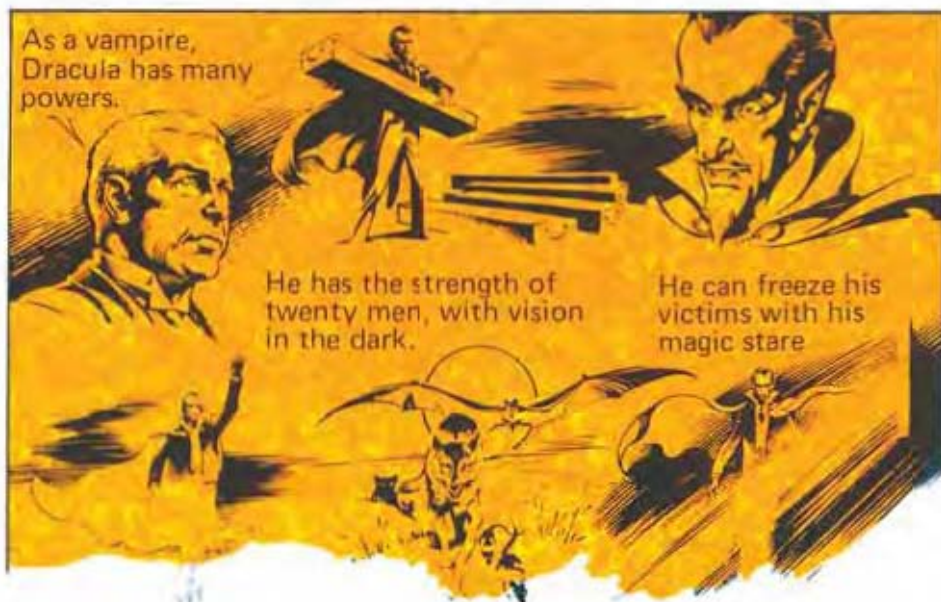


Van Helsing sent Arthur to wait outside while he finished the horrible job he had to do.

With her head freed from her body and her mouth stuffed with wolfsbane, the one who made her undead can never take her back!







He can order the fog and storm to hide him.

He can change to wolf or bat or rat, and call the meaner animals to help him.

He can come on moonlight rays, and slip into places through the smallest holes.

But still he is not free! His power stops at dawn.



He can change his form only at noon or at sunrise or sunset.



He must have a coffin with the dust of his ancestors in it, for safety when his powers are weak.



He has no power against the holy cross, the garlic, the stick through the heart, the head cut from the body.

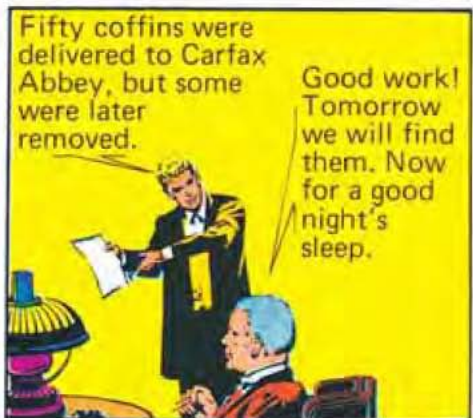




Unnoticed Seward had walked to the window.



In a few hours I had done what I must and reported back to my friends at Dr. Seward's.



In our bedroom I fell asleep at once but Mina was restless and uneasy. Later she described what happened next.





Mina was in a half-faint. She felt his lips upon her throat.



Mina's scream brought us running.



The sun rose on a tired and worried group of people. But Mina was brave, and there was work to do.



We've destroyed the coffins stored in the Piccadilly House.

And we've taken care of those in Bermondsey.

Now, quick to Carfax Abbey!

We broke into the old Chapel where the coffins were kept, and set to work.



For each a bunch of wolfsbane and a cross . . . and the vampire is kept from them forever.

Fifteen coffins destroyed in Piccadilly, and sixteen in Bermondsey. . . .



And eighteen here. There is one missing! Then Dracula still has a safe place! We've lost him!

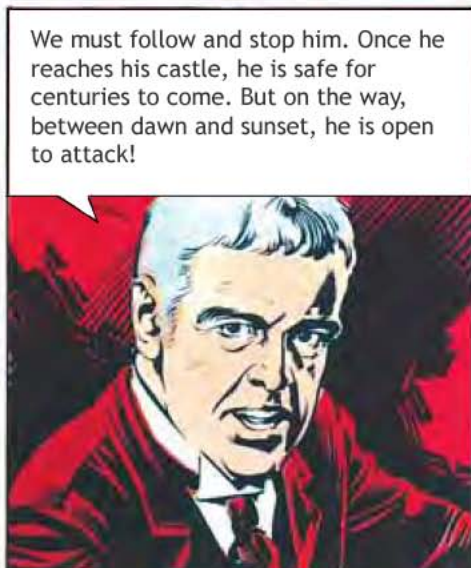
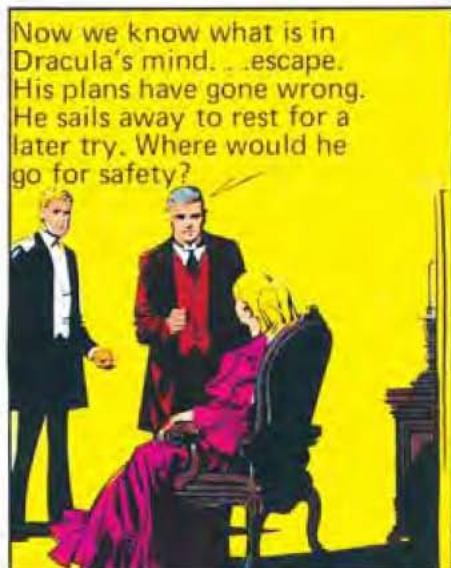
There is still hope. Madame Mina can help. Let us return to her.

But when we returned, Mina met us with a heartbreaking story.

The evil marks are on my throat. I can feel Dracula's mind looking into mine, to learn your plans. Before I bring harm to you, I must die!



No, my child, you must not die. While Dracula is still among the undead your death would make you as he is! You must live... and help us.



It was a terrible journey. We traveled always by the fastest means, but Fate. . .or was it Dracula. . .slowed us down.



We missed some trains.

Boat engines broke down.

And our coach lost a wheel!

But we always protected Van Helsing's valuable bag and our weapons.

At last we came close to the Castle! We could see a group of gypsies carrying a coffin.



Dracula tried to freeze us with his stare and in another second he would get back his powers. . . .



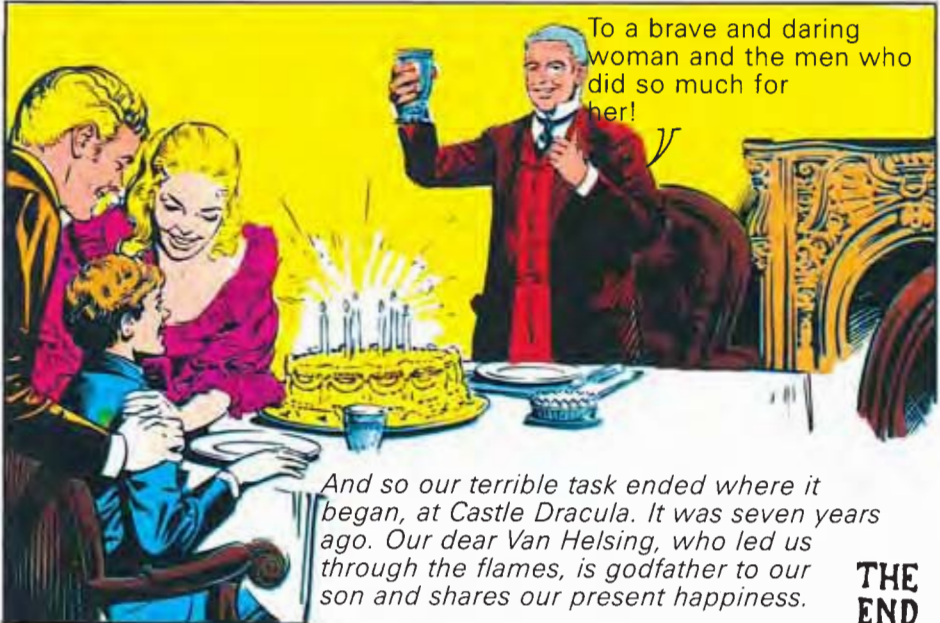
I thought of Mina and with a great effort I fell on top of him, driving my knife into Dracula's throat as Holmwood drove his through the Vampire's heart.



For all mankind.

It was like a miracle. Before our very eyes, the body crumbled into dust as the sun set.

At the instant Dracula's body crumbled to dust, the marks left Mina's throat. Van Helsing, the next day, entered the Castle to bring a merciful second death to the undead sisters there.



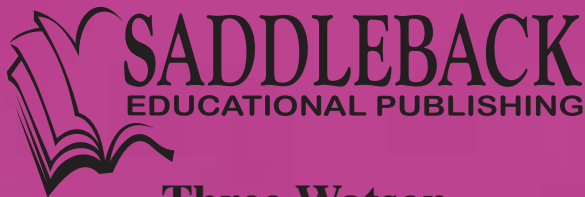
To a brave and daring woman and the men who did so much for her!

And so our terrible task ended where it began, at Castle Dracula. It was seven years ago. Our dear Van Helsing, who led us through the flames, is godfather to our son and shares our present happiness.

**THE
END**

Dracula

Dracula opens the door to the unknown. Do all superstitions have a basis in reality, or are they just folklore? Bram Stoker's *Dracula* is one of the most feared and most loved tales in literature. From Transylvania to London, the reader explores the dark side of mystery and intrigue riding on the coattails of Dracula's cape, changing from wolf to bat, and living only in the nighttime. Do vampires really exist? Read *Dracula* and decide for yourself.



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